

Our Dumb Dog

DAILY WEEKLY-SUNDAY.

Business Office.....1115 Main Street
 Advertising Bureau.....1115 Main Street
 Circulation Bureau.....1115 Main Street
 By Mail.....One Six Three One
 POSTAGE PAID.....Year. Mo. Mo. Mo.
 Daily with Sunday.....\$4.00 \$1.00 \$1.00
 Daily with Sunday.....\$4.00 \$1.00 \$1.00
 Sunday edition only.....\$1.00 \$1.00 \$1.00
 Weekly (Wednesday).....\$1.00 \$1.00 \$1.00

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service
 in Richmond (and suburbs), Manassas,
 Fairfax and Petersburg—

One Week
 Daily with Sunday.....\$1.00
 Daily with Sunday.....\$1.00
 Sunday only.....\$1.00

Entered January 7, 1902, at Richmond,
 Va., as second-class matter under act of
 Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14, 1910.

WHY WE DO NOT KNOW.

"God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man." That is what the lovely Portia said to Nerissa the morning they were talking in a very free way about the fine points in husbands. There was no lack of material; but such material! The Neapolitan prince who did nothing but talk of horse and of whom Portia was "much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith"; and the Count Palatine, who did nothing but frown, and from both of these the lady prayed that she might be defended. Then there was the French Lord, Monsieur Le Bon, who had a horse better than the Neapolitan's and "a better habit of frowning than the Count Palatine," and who "if a thistle sing, he falls straight a capering; if he will dance with his shadow"; but of him Portia declared "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."

What Portia would have said about Heyburn, we have no means of knowing; but we may infer from her very excellent skill at character reading that she would have written him down an ass; certainly she could not have besought consideration or pity for him on the plea that he is a man. God made him; but God also made the cimeter, the pectoral, the great culicidae family, the sarcophylla penitens, and likewise the putorius foetidae; why, we do not know, but they are all creatures that we are perfectly willing to pass, wondering the meanwhile why they ever were, are now and will continue to be to the end of the world. Then there is Heyburn, of Idaho, United States Senator from that State, we can no more explain why God made him than we can account for the cimeter, the culicidae and the putorius, except that possibly he is one of these orders reincarnated to vex the earth with his presence.

Heyburn made an ass of himself last winter, as we tried to point out at the time of his speech in the Senate against the Lee statue, and at Seattle on Friday he kicked out of his stall again, much to the amazement of the musicians and doubtless to the delight of the boys in the galleries. The occasion was the reception of Congressman Hamer, of Wallace, Idaho, and the dullness of the event was relieved by the music of an orchestra. The orchestra was doing its best with a medley of well-known airs and was getting along well until it struck the sixth variation, which happened to be "Dixie," when Heyburn, springing to his feet, rushed at the bass fiddle and, swinging his arms in the circumambient, cried out "This is a Republican meeting; we want no such tunes here." The piccolo, or the trombone, or the bass drum, or the police should have resisted the assault on the spot; but we are told that "the amazed musicians stopped immediately," and that, "after a moment of silence, Mayor Hanson arose and closed the meeting."

That was Heyburn. We do not know whether he was drunk or not, nor whether he ever takes anything or not; but we are inclined to the view that he was cold sober. Nobody can ever tell what an ass will do. Yet it must be said in defense of him that he was not so far wrong this time. "Dixie" is not a proper tune to be played at a Republican meeting. It is good humored, it is honest, it is full of patriotic spirit, it makes men want to love or fight. But God made Heyburn, let him pass.

HOL.

In the latest issue of "Our Dumb Animals" there is an appealing story about "Bob," a dog belonging to Professor W. P. Willey, of the law department of the University of West Virginia. He was poisoned by some secret enemy, and his master spoke about him to the law class, referring to him as a "long-time member of the law department."

"He has met with the law class here regularly for the last four years. He is known, and his name is familiar to the hundreds who have come in and gone out over the State. His face is familiar in all of the class pictures of that time. He was my best friend. 'You say he was a dog. But he was more than a dog. He was of a noble character. There never was a better friend in the world—a true, more loving friend in this world than Bob. He would have died for me. 'Yes, Bob was more than a dog. He was more intelligent than some men—more sympathetic, more appreciative, more responsive, more companionable in many ways. He was always interested in everything I did—observed it closely and intelligently, and showed his satisfaction with the result. 'He knew the English language as no other dog ever did. I could talk to him with the same freedom that I would to a person. He looked me intently in the eye till he understood me perfectly. If he were lying on the rug in the parlor and the conversation turned on him he would raise his head until he was satisfied. 'I loved that dog because it was worthy of love. And the more I love and revere the memory of Bob, and the man who gave Bob poison will

go to a worse place than Bob has gone. I hope and believe I will meet Bob somewhere in the great beyond; but I do not want to meet the man who murdered him, who could not live in the same place."

Speaking of the death of his dog, Professor Willey said:

"With my hand on his heart, I felt the final throes. And I said to God: 'Bob, I do not know where you have gone, but I will look for you and search for you among the mysteries of the hereafter. It cannot be that so noble a creature is snuffed out like a candle.'"

This is a remarkable tribute, but it is true. Every man who has had a good dog knows it to be so.

SERVING TWO MASTERS.

The Virginian-Pilot has written a strong brief in editorial form against the retaining of attorneys of members of City Councils in cases in which the city is involved. This was called forth by consideration of the passage recently of an amendment by the City Council of Richmond forbidding Councilmen to appear in certain cases as attorneys, and further by the Tunstall case in Norfolk.

The circumstances leading up to the adoption of the ordinance in Richmond are well known to the people here, but public attention outside of Norfolk has not been directed to any considerable degree to the case of Councilman Tunstall of that place. The facts in that case are that Mr. Tunstall has tendered his resignation as a Councilman of Norfolk, for the reason that he represents as an attorney a leaseholder in a lease matter in which the interests of the city is adverse to that of his client. While he has thus offered to withdraw from the Council, Mr. Tunstall is of opinion that it would be proper for him to remain in the Council and refrain from casting a vote at any stage of the proceedings in which his client is interested.

Commenting on Mr. Tunstall's belief that he could stay in the Council and act properly by abstaining from voting, the Virginian-Pilot well says: "What an attorney owes his client goes without saying; all his ability, all his legal lore, all his familiarity with the technicalities of practice, and all the force of his personality. Are the obligations of an attorney to the people any less comprehensive? Can he meet them by standing mute when the issue is as to testing their legal entitlements? By prescription immemorial in the State Code, the trustee or guardian must appeal to the courts in behalf of the estate or the ward in his keeping even in cases where his own sense of equity would forbid; he must bring suits of whose justice he entertains doubts, and he must plead infancy or limitation against actions against the estate or the ward in contest. And no one would contend that such trustee or guardian could properly act as attorney for an interested adverse to the subject of his trust, or could remove the incompatibility of two relationships by temporarily declining to exercise the functions of the former. If a member of the bar should be employed as advisor to two corporations and they should become involved in controversy, he would not for a moment entertain the idea that he could serve both by actively advocating the cause of one and simply withholding his voice when the other was deliberating what course to pursue. In fine, we hold the public obligation voluntarily assumed to be paramount to any professional engagement when the two come into conflict; that both cannot be discharged at the same time in the fulness of measure that ethics prescribe, and that one or the other should be relinquished. This is a legal principle, for we do not believe that the legal profession should be ineligible to membership of law-making bodies. But we do think that when this class of citizenship enters the representative field it should thereafter condition professional employment strictly on cases not involving matters within the sphere of their public jurisdiction and responsibility. It is better always to err on the side of a sentiment which shrinks from even the appearance of evil, than to rely too implicitly on the correctness of opinions which in the best of morals are liable to be awayed toward compromise where the alternative is sacrifice."

In all that it says in this matter, we agree unhesitatingly with our contemporary. There are many men of high calibre who believe that they are able in cases of this sort to draw a sort of subjective line between the two conflicting interests, but in our opinion such a demarcation is not possible.

In protesting so vigorously against the practice of representing both sides, the Virginian-Pilot has used a legal analogy with which to refute reply by lawyers. We may be permitted, in like manner, to quote from the code of ethics of the American Bar Association, the guide not only of Virginia lawyers, but also of the Bar of the nation. It says: "It is unprofessional to represent conflicting interests, except by express consent of all concerned given after a full disclosure of the facts. Within the meaning of this canon, a lawyer represents conflicting interests when, in behalf of one client, it is his duty to contend for that which duty to another client requires him to oppose."

What has been said here applies not only to lawyers in City Councils, but to lawyers in the Legislature as well. "Public office is a public trust," and no man ought to allow himself to wander into the twilight zone of duty by representing simultaneously private interests and public demands.

ANOTHER YANKEE SUGGESTION.
 The Utica Observer thinks that it would be better for Mississippi not to place a statue of Jefferson Davis in the Statuary Hall in Washington, but it makes this rather surprising, not to say infamous, suggestion: "If Mississippi could rise to the height of true patriotism, she might decree that Jefferson Davis and Blanche K. Bruce should be her two contributions to Statuary Hall—no other dog ever did. I could talk to him with the same freedom that I would to a person. He looked me intently in the eye till he understood me perfectly. If he were lying on the rug in the parlor and the conversation turned on him he would raise his head until he was satisfied. 'I loved that dog because it was worthy of love. And the more I love and revere the memory of Bob, and the man who gave Bob poison will

ly, but there would be no fitness at all in placing the statue of the colored Senator alongside Mr. Davis, as he belonged to the Reconstruction period, when the ballot box in the South was supported by the bayonets of our gentle conquerors and the military strap signed the certificates of election. Moreover, Bruce was a Virginian, and was educated," we are told, "with his master's son" in this State. He in no sense represented either the high or the lowly in his adopted State. The fact that he succeeded Mr. Davis in the Senate was an incident of the times which we should think clannish-minded people would like to forget. There would be as much propriety in placing Andrew Johnson's statue in Abraham Lincoln's place as in placing the negro Bruce in Mr. Davis's place. Even so, however, the negro would be far choicer company than a number of disreputable who have been assigned by Northern States to the National Hall of Honors at Washington. If the Utica paper would insist upon a negro to keep Mr. Davis company, probably it might be willing to compromise on Isaiah Montgomery, black, who was Mr. Davis's neighbor and friend. There is a great difference in black people just as there is in white people.

"THE SHOP."

The esteemed Greensboro (N. C.) News quotes with warm approval this saying of The Times-Dispatch: "The mortal sin the newspapers commit is in quarrelling among themselves so much that many persons on the outside really think that they are not fair in their view of men and things."

In the opinion of the News! "It would be a good idea to have that enlarged and framed and hung in every sanctum in the country."

Why not? Men engaged in their business competitors and professional rivals. The merchant tries to best his competitor not by crying down his methods so much as by trying to sell better goods, or as good goods at lower prices. The lawyer is very careful in talking about his neighbor and has a high respect for his profession. The physician does not seek practice by underestimating his brother physician, and the minister who would backbite his fellow-preacher would be regarded as rather too yellow for the pulpit. There ought to be a sort of free-masonry in the newspaper craft. When the Virginia Press Association holds its next annual meeting, somebody ought to discuss The Relation of the Newspapers to Each Other. We move President Campbell that A. B. Williams be assigned to the discussion of this subject.

STRIDING FORWARD.

The latest bulletin of the University of Virginia relative to the recent "Rural Life Conference" affords striking proof of the fact that it was a gathering, the earnest purpose of which was to promote the welfare of the Commonwealth. It contains one hundred and ten pages filled with valuable suggestions, of narratives of the progress of Virginia, of practical lessons by authoritative teachers.

The index shows that this conference was along practical lines. Here are the subjects treated in the bulletin: "The Outlook to Rural Progress"—"The Aim in Teaching Agriculture"—"Domestic Science in Rural Districts"—"Consolidation and Transportation in Virginia"—"Typhoid Fever in Rural Districts"—"How to Improve and Make Money on a Fifty-Acre Farm"—"Practical Results in Cooking and Sewing"—"Community Work in the One-Teacher Rural School"—"Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work"—"Boys' Corn Clubs"—"The Need of a Library Commission in Virginia"—"Relation of the Library to the School"—"Connecting Public School Agriculture with the Business of Farming"—"The Agricultural High School"—"Development of Agricultural Teaching in Virginia"—"Good Roads and the Rural Uplift"—"The Waste and the Reclamation of Virginia Farm Lands"—"Man's Enemy, the Common House Fly, and How to Fight Him"—"The Vitalizing Forces in the School."

Many prominent men in Virginia were represented on this program, while from outside there came men who are noted for their ability in connection with the subjects upon which they spoke. They were Dr. L. H. Bailey, Director of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University, a member of the National Rural Life Commission; Professor J. P. Duggar, Director of the Alabama Experiment Station, Miss Neale S. Knowles, Extension Department, Iowa State College; Professor B. H. Crocheron, principal of the Agricultural High School at Philadelphia, Maryland; J. P. Campbell, Field Agent of the Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work of the Department of Agriculture; J. O. Schaub, special agent of Extension Work, Department of Agriculture; Dr. J. Crosby, Department of Agriculture; Professor W. H. Hand, State High School Inspector of South Carolina; Dr. K. C. Davis, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.; Dr. C. W. Stiles, United States Bureau of Public Health; E. C. Blahop, State Superintendent of Schools of Nebraska.

The attendance on this Conference was most encouraging. By means of the Conference, the seeds of valuable experience, of scientific methods, of new ideas, were disseminated throughout

out Virginia. Some intimation of the increased desire for the instruction along practical lines to be obtained in the summer school is afforded by the fact that in 1907 there were less than twenty students taking the course in agriculture at the University Summer School, while in 1910 there were nearly three hundred.

The University of Virginia, under the guidance of its able President, is bringing the people into a realization of the truth that the University is seeking to serve them in every practical and useful way. As the years go by, the University and the great mass of the people draw nearer and nearer together, realizing their community or interest. By its course in good roads, by its summer school, by this Rural Life Conference, and in other ways, the University is impressing itself upon the people as a powerful agent for promoting their welfare by bringing them into touch with the best and latest methods and ideas that science has at its command.

No other university in the South is so rapidly rising to the full conception of what service a State University must render to the people of the State. In its efforts to be useful and uplifting to the people, the University of Virginia stands out as one of the most efficient in the nation.

"GETTING AND ASPIRING."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)
 "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Philippians 3:13-14.

Many rush through life, as if in some wild delirium, or captive to some malign control. This mad rush and reckless life mean something, but not everything. Every race enjoys a rest, and with that pause comes a time to think.

It is of God's mercy that these poor bodies of ours get so tired that the mind secures a hearing. There is a "cold gray dawn of the morning after" for every one who does wrong. Thank God for conscience! for when it dies, chaos comes, and Satan triumphs.

Every one has personal proof of this possession of conscience by the reason of its pricking in his soul. Humanity is all of one piece: damaged more or less, and rescued from its stains only by spiritual exercise. None can count himself "to have apprehended," the marks always just beyond his reach, and the farther his progress in the way of holiness the more clear becomes his own sinful limitations.

Forgetting and aspiring—forgetting and aspiring still ahead—this dual exercise must occupy all our days until we lay down the cross and receive the crown.

There is weakness in the memory of failure; it unweaves for a new attempt. It is hard for a man to recover the championship after he has once lost the belt. We must eliminate this weakness by learning to forget. The apostle teaches us this new lesson. It is a mistake to suppose that we add to God's honor by constantly recalling the sins and failures of the past. God is willing to pardon and forget them. It is our future more than our past which concerns Him most.

It was no idle ceremony, but to teach a precious truth, when, after confessing the sins of the people were placed on the head of the scapegoat, and he was turned out free into the wilderness. It was a symbol of the completeness with which God puts away the memory of sin. He was done with it absolutely and irrevocably. Just so does He mean the repentant sinner to do; let it go at once and forever. We do not honor God by mourning after He has forgiven us; we honor Him most by forgetting. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Do you believe that or not? If you do, prove it by your actions, and leaving your burdens at His feet, carry away a song.

How shall a man forge on? He cannot dream himself into Paradise. To be rid of a handicap is a great thing, but it is not all. If it is necessary to turn one's back on the past, it is equally necessary to manfully face the future. And all the hosts in the kingdom of God, in heaven and on earth, call out to him with all the fervor of their faith in his final effort to "press forward to the mark" for victory. Each step scores a double triumph; it lengthens the distance between him and that dread past; it shortens his distance from the goal.

Nature builds by atoms, and the advance of the soul is furthered every time we do what is right. We want to be good all in a minute—but that is quite impossible. We must wait God's purpose, and a step at a time is all that we can gain. We shall reach the prize by simply pressing on; doing one duty, and then the next, and often finding these duties very little things to do. No man can be a success without an ideal, but no man has a really worthy ideal who expects to reach it in one day.

This is a Christian's desire—not to be an ideal man in a real world, but to grow towards the perfect pattern as the days go by. Do not despond; keep on trying. The thing you need to do is the thing you are able to do. God will give you strength for it, so take courage and press on and on. Keep trying in the best way you can and with the best spirit to do the things which come within your reach. Persevere, persevere. You will often fail; but you can put the old trouble out of sight, pick yourself up, and try once more, and yet again once more.

You do not need to be conscious of progress. The main thing is that you are keeping at it, doing your best, trying to do the Master's work in the Master's way, and with the Master's approval. Put your whole soul into whatever you do, and try more

and more to realize that God is your Father and all men your brothers.

Pray constantly and fervently for His spirit to guide and support you in all the trials of the way. "Advance on your knees," and without knowing it, you will go forward in your spiritual life and endeavor. God will "add cubits to the stature" until the whole stands complete, and "meet for the Master's use."

Only a little while—and "Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary, The day must dawn, and darkness night be past; Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary, And heaven, the heart's true home, is reached at last."

The New Britain (Conn.) Herald has been so much pleased with sundry kindly references made by The Times-Dispatch to men and things in the Nutmeg State as to say: "It would be a paying proposition to invite a carload of Southern editors to visit us some time and put Osborn, Clark, Burr and Chapin on the reception committee." We do not know any better way for Connecticut to be found out than this, and finding it out for what it really is, all the Southern editors would bow down and with one accord would say that the land of steady habits has been much misunderstood. We do not mean to say, however, that we have ever seen it when it was not steady.

"It was the closest call I have ever had from passing from this world into the next," said Senator Bulkeley the other day in giving an account of a wreck in the Valley Branch of the Hartford and New Haven road. But it is not nearly so close as the call he has had from the people of Connecticut to get out of the race for reelection to the United States Senate. And just to think of it! The Senator was playing cards when the railroad call came. He would have out a pretty figure, indeed, going up to Saint Peter with clubs in his hands, that being the favorite lead of the Senator, we believe. At any rate, this is the suit he has depended on to knock his old friend "George" out of the present little game the Senator is playing.

Senator Bulkeley ought to know by this time that it is never square to "renig."

The Charlottesville Daily Progress unites in the hope that Mississippi will not sentence Jefferson Davis to a place in Statuary Hall in Washington, because, in its opinion, "the effect of the proposal to place in Statuary Hall the effigy of Mr. Davis would be to draw down calumny and insult upon his memory, when no artificial distinction of this sort is needed to perpetuate his glorious deeds, or make secure his place in the admiration and esteem of the Southern people, and, indeed, the people of the entire country, save only the ghoul-visaged bigots and South-haters of the North, who are happily becoming fewer and fewer with each succeeding year."

Wonder if there can be anything in the suggestion of the Springfield (Mass.) Union that Dr. Crippen is a native of Houston, Texas?

The Harrisonburg News refers to Justice Crutched as "the famous 'Justice John,' whose sound judgment, prompt decisions, quaint sayings and eccentric rulings in his Court have given him almost a national reputation." It would be a good thing if Harrisonburg had one like him.

NAME EXCLUDED FROM ALMANACH

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.
 EDITOR, this year the name of Countess Helen von Voss, married to Major von Grone, of the Third, or Queen Elizabeth's, Regiment of Prussian Grenadier Guards, will no longer appear in that special volume of the Almanach de Gotha which is devoted to the enumeration of the German, Austrian and Russian counts and countesses. This is the result of an extraordinary suit which has just been taken place in the Supreme Court of the German Empire at Leipzig.

The late Count George von Voss (son of Baron and Mecklenburg) had been a member of the Prussian family that has played a considerable role in Prussian history, one of its members, Amelia von Voss, having been themorganatic consort of King Frederick William II. of Prussia, married a peasant girl of the name of Antonia Debeka. The union, though happy in every other respect, was childless; and, feeling the absence of some one on whom he could lavish his much care and affection, the count adopted the little daughter of one of his wife's sisters, who was married to a carpenter. The carpenter and his wife relinquished all claim to the girl, whose name was Helen, and who was brought up by Count and Countess von Voss wholly as their own. In order to completely establish the position of the child the count bribed a Lutheran clergyman to furnish him with a baptismal certificate as being his own offspring.

When the child, who was thus brought up as Countess Helen von Voss, and figured as such in the Almanach de Gotha for fifteen years, her husband, Count von Grone, died, her aunt and adopted mother died. This was in 1878. A year later, Count George von Voss married a woman of his own rank, Emeline von Harrasow, of the Galician, that is to say, Polish-Austrian nobility, confiding to her the secret of Helen's origin, but threatening her with death in case she should reveal it to any one else. When Helen grew up into a very lovely girl she was married to a Count von Voss, to Major (then Captain) Otto von Grone.

Unfortunately, Count von Voss, who had been so devoted to his adopted daughter, refused to make a will, and when he died a question arose as to the disposition of his large fortune. His widow, Countess von Voss, claimed it in favor of the latter alternative, and one morning Mme. von Grone received a letter informing her that instead of Count George von Voss she was merely the offspring of a humble village carpenter and of his peasant wife. The widowed Countess von Voss likewise claimed it, she would do well to abandon all claim to his inheritance and not to risk the exposure of her humble origin. Hence a lawsuit would necessarily ensue.

The widowed Countess von Voss had, however, reckoned without her host. Major von Grone, far from shunning the revelations as to his wife's parentage, took the initiative in litigation, and before she knew where she was the widow found herself the defendant instead of the plaintiff in the action. The major's case was that he had been induced to marry his wife by representations that she was the daughter and heiress of Count George von Voss, and that consequently a fraud had been practiced upon him. He brought evidence to show that, inasmuch as his marriage had taken place six or seven years after the second union of Count George Voss, the latter's widow was fully cognizant of his deceit, and a party to the fraud. He, therefore, demanded that the widowed countess, as sole heiress of her husband, but as a party to the fraud practiced upon him, should be compelled to pay a sum of some \$250,000, to which his wife would have been entitled had she really been the count's daughter.

The Supreme Court of the empire, in final appeal, has now decided in the major's favor, and his wife will, therefore, not suffer any pecuniary loss through the disclosure of the secret of her birth; while her own charm and her husband's popularity at the court of Potsdam, as in the Berlin, great world are sufficient to prevent her position being impaired by the sacrifice of her nine-pointed coronet as a countess. In fact, sympathy in Berlin and at Potsdam has been all with the Grones, in their fight with the widowed Countess George von Voss.

Victor Emmanuel III. has just com-

pleted the first decade of his reign, and the tenth anniversary of his accession finds him far more firmly established in the middle than was his father, and the dynasty possesses a stronger hold on the good will of the Italian people. Whereas Humbert, and before him Victor Emmanuel II., had endeavored to govern the country with ministers chosen from the more modern and conservative elements of the Liberal party, the present King has gone to the opposite extreme, and has persistently chosen his constitutional advisers from the Left, rather than from the Right, substituting, within a few months after his accession to the throne, Zanardelli for the rather conservative Senator Saracco as Prime Minister.

In 1903 he suggested the offer of a portfolio in the Cabinet to the Socialist leader, Turati. The ex-Republican, Senator Nathan, now Mayor of Rome, is a frequent guest of the King at the Quirinal and at his North Italian palaces. He is a grand old man, and has accepted the grand cross of the national Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus. The leader of the most extreme section of the Socialist party, Labriola, recently went out of his way to publicly praise the courage and the common sense which prevented the sovereign from giving way to the severe reaction which has been expected to follow the murder of King Humbert at Monza. The King frequently sees, and is on the friendliest terms with, Signor Bissolati, who represents in the Chamber of Deputies the district of Rome, in which the Quirinal is situated. Indeed, the King often describes himself as one of the constituents of Bissolati, although the latter is one of the acknowledged chiefs of the Socialists. And yet another picturesque Socialist orator, Signor Ferri, a few weeks ago lectured before the King, had a long conversation with him at the close of his address, and afterwards, in the audience, he expressed his admiration and of praise for his sovereign.

In one word, Victor Emmanuel has clipped the wings of the Socialist party, who now regard the throne with very different feelings from those which they expressed in the last two reigns, and Signor Turati, whom I have described above as a Socialist leader, on one occasion frankly declared that democratic monarchy was better than a plutocratic republic; while the Socialists, with one accord, praise Victor Emmanuel III. as a "modern ruler."

With all this, the relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal are friendlier than during the reign of either Victor Emmanuel II. or of his son, Humbert. During the last few years of the late reign, indeed, the Vatican and the Socialists were working hard against Humbert. Nowdays the Socialists are working for the King, and Plus X. expresses much personal esteem for the King, and has inaugurated a democratic policy towards the royal family. Indeed, the modus vivendi between church and state is more strongly developed than at any moment since 1870. It is not that King Victor Emmanuel is a Clerical, or that he is even a devout Roman Catholic. He is perhaps less so than either his father or grandfather. But he is a thorough-going and ardently patriotic Italian, as is also Plus X., and it is on this common ground that they are in unison with one another.

The only class of the population who are not particularly well disposed towards the King are the old aristocracy, who resent the leanings of their sovereign towards the ultra-radicals; who disapprove his sanctioning of Socialist legislation, and who, above all, object to the extreme democracy of his ways and to the simplicity of his life, insisting that he ought to maintain a greater degree of state. One can find relatively few of the nobles who have a good word to say either for Victor Emmanuel III. or for his Montegrino consort.

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